

Iron County Register.

F. P. AKE, Publisher.

OUR GOD, OUR COUNTRY AND TRUTH.

TERMS—\$1.50 a Year in Advance.

VOLUME LII.

IRONTON, MO., THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1918.

NUMBER

"KAMERAD! KAMERAD!"

I ought to shoot 'im where he stands—
A whinin' 'Un, with lifted 'ands—
For 'e called me "Kamerad!"
Me, wot's fought 'im clean an' fair,
Played the game, an' played it square;
'E crucified my pal out there!
An' 'e calls me "Kamerad!"
You low-down, stinkin' 'ound o' 'ell,
I've seen the work you do so well;
Don't you call me "Kamerad!"
You, wot shells a 'elpless crew,
Wot rapes an' murders women, too;
A blasted blackguard through an' through!
An' you calls me "Kamerad!"
You bloody, bleedin', blinkin' 'Un,
After wot you've been an' done,
Don't you call me "Kamerad!"
I ain't no bloomin' 'ypocrite,
There ain't no 'alo in my kit,
But when you comes to this, I quit!
Don't call me "Kamerad!"
—GEORGE B. EAGER, JR., in Life.

A Letter From an Iron County Boy.

Dear Home Folks—As I have an hour and a half off this afternoon, I'll write you a letter, or at least make a beginning. I'm working in the mess hall and luckily got through a little early.

We do a great deal of work here—more than we did at the maneuvering ground. I do not mean more work, but less drilling and more outside work. Monday I worked in the mess hall; Tuesday we shoveled and hauled dirt in carts; Wednesday we drilled; yesterday (May 30) was observed as a holiday. All the men here in the main barracks were brought out with their rifles and packs and paraded over the grounds to the sound of music. Then we were drawn as near the grand stand as possible. The commanding officer of the island spoke to us, we sang our Marine song and the Star Spangled Banner and had prayer and religious exercises by the Chaplain and Y. M. C. A. It was all very fine. We enjoy marching to music. Most of us spent the evening at the Y. M. C. A. enjoying a program of music, speaking, etc. I am writing this in the Y. M. C. A. department. Too much cannot be said in praise of the work the organization is doing. They furnish amusements, reading, religious exercises, sell stamps, give away paper and envelopes and perform numerous other tasks which aren't provided for otherwise. I am finding the drill much easier all the time. We like our company commander very much.

The Marine is the best trained man in the entire service and he must do his training in a shorter time than the soldier. The physical examination is also the most rigid given. The Marine is first of all, a good soldier. He must know something about a ship, because he is often used as a guard on board a vessel. The Marine is the best guard in the service. He is the man who guards ships, navy yards, munition plants, etc. Whenever a small bunch of men are needed in a hurry, the marines are sent. I see where the Government is going to let us travel on one cent a mile. That will make it easy for us to come home when we get furloughs.

I received your letters all O. K. and enjoyed every word of them. All the news is welcome and a letter is worth a great deal to us here. I should like very much to get the REGISTER.

Pay day will come to-morrow. I have not spent anything this month only for postage.

Do not worry about me. I have plenty of good food, lots of clothing, a good bed, and a good coat of tan, which added to the regulation haircut, makes me look very like the pictures of Mexican bandits.

With best wishes to all my Iron County friends, I am

Your Soldier Boy,

PRIVATE E. R. ADAMS,
80th Company, Marine Barracks,
Paris Island, S. C.

From Private A. C. Effinger.

CAMP FORREST, GA., June 12, 1918.

Ed. Iron County Register—Don't think I told you I was assigned to Fort Oglethorpe from Fort Thomas, Kentucky. This Oglethorpe that this fort is named after is the historical gentleman that first settled Georgia. It is about as far from Oil City, Pa., as they could put me without showing me out in the Atlantic ocean. Anyway, it's a regular southern place, and it I had not been through the South before it would be quite a novelty.

This south isn't much different from Pennsylvania or Missouri, except that the inhabitants say "you all" and "sho'-nuff" and otherwise abuse the English language. Everybody gets

up and yells when they play "Dixie," and they don't play "Marching Through Georgia" much. Leastwise I haven't heard it played since I've been here. See many farms of cotton down here. It is too early for the fields of snowy white and they look like a back yard full of weeds.

Lookout Mountain, where the "battle above the clouds" was fought, is right near here. The guide tells me you can see seven states from the top of it. It was so foggy the day I was up there you couldn't see the base of the mountain, much less six or seven states lying around loose. If he told some of those lady tourists they could see Arcadia Valley from there they'd believe him. The Chickamauga park we are camped in was a civil war battle ground. They have monuments and old cannons spread around every place, and they won't let the government move one of them, so they build the barracks in between them and it sort of muses things up generally. Every time you open a door you see a cannon pointing down your throat. Right outside of my quarters is a monument where some general was killed. I feel like I was in a cemetery.

There were so many things we had to get accustomed to when we came here. It takes about a month to learn them. Bogle calls were a particular bother. None of the recruits knew one bugle call from another except perhaps "mess call." I finally got a list of the calls and the time for each of them, and whenever a bugle call would sound I'd look at my list and remark, "There goes mail call" or "That's officer's call," to the envy of the other boys, who thought I must be a wizard on bugle calls. There are other things you have to learn by instinct, such as "stoker," who is a man who cleans up your room: "A. W. C. L." which means absent without leave; "K. P." which means kitchen police or men who do the work in the kitchen; "fatigue" as its name implies, means a working party of some kind; "over the hills" means to desert.

A man in the company came up to me the other day and said he had been "bottailed" when he was doing a "hitch" in the Fifth Cavalry. "Bottailed" means to get a dishonorable discharge and a "hitch" is an enlistment or term of service.

When they filled our regiment up to war strength they took quite a few from the National Army. They are supposed to be "the flower of American manhood," but the bunch we got were mostly bricklayers, barkeepers, and "wops." The muster roll sounds like a Polish dictionary.

They're all good soldiers except a few who suddenly developed "conscientious scruples" against fighting. That's the most discouraging thing in the army. If a man only tries to learn, they don't care how hopeless a specimen he is to start with. Give them one man who has a healthy desire to run a bayonet through the first Hun he meets and he's worth a dozen who would rather stay at home and guard the Mississippi Valley against a possible German invasion. That's the one thing I like the regular army men for. They may not come from the "best families of America," but when it comes to actual fighting they're right there. If anyone has any doubt about what the American Army is going to do or how the war is going to come out let him go out some day and watch an old time regular army sergeant take us over the bayonet assault course. God have mercy on the trench raiders who ever got tangled up with this bunch!

Hoping this will give you a line on my impressions as a soldier and with best wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

PRIVATE ALVIN C. EFFINGER,
Co. M, 51st Infantry, Camp Forrest,
Ga., Chattanooga, Tenn.

From a Soldier Boy.

Dear Mother—I received your letter a few minutes ago; have been feeling all right till to-day. There have been 60 or 70 taken out of our company and sent to the detention camp. They were afraid they were taking the measles, but I don't think I am taking them. I have a headache, that's all.

There were four platoons in our company, but they have taken out one whole platoon because some were taking the measles.

I have been having an easy time since I have been here; we haven't drilled but about half a day. I have never had any extra duty to do. Some of the boys have had to work on extra duty; but it is their own fault.

Bevo

THE BEVERAGE


An All-year-'round Soft Drink for the Bluejackets

Our boys in the navy enjoy the r Bevo. The esteem in which it is held by the Navy Department is clearly indicated by the fact that it is sold and served on U. S. vessels and in training camps. Afloat or ashore, you will find Bevo unusually refreshing, good and healthful.

Soft in the strictest sense, but a thoroughgoing man's drink. Try it by itself, or with a bite to eat.

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Manufactured and bottled exclusively by
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A. RIEKE & SON
Distributor IRONTON, MO.

The platoon I am in has the name of behaving the best, coming out here on the train. There are six to eight men in a squad, maybe more; but I suppose I am in the best squad. Anyway, we have never had any extra duty.

In a few days another letter was received from him saying: "I am going to write a few more lines as I guess this will be my last chance for a week or ten days, and when I do write it will be a couple of weeks before you get the letter. So don't think anything has happened to me, if you don't hear before then. I don't dread going 'over there.' I suppose I will get a little seasick, but I am not afraid but what I will land safe, and I feel the sooner we all get over there, the sooner it will all be over. I am not afraid to go over and fight, if I wasn't so far from home so I may be able to get a letter more often. I know I will get homesick and would rather be at home; but that is no sign I am afraid to fight. I weigh 169 pounds now, I am getting fat since I have been in the army."

Tell all, "Hello!" for me and not worry, because I will be back home Christmas. LUTHER L. WHITE,
Co. L, 358th Infantry, 89th Division,
A. E. F.

From Camp Dodge.

Dear Mr. Editor—Our work being done for to-day, and I have nothing else to do I'll try to write a few lines for your paper, if you can find room to publish it.

I am at Camp Dodge, Iowa, with the Supply Co., 339th Field Artillery. I like army life just fine, the training is good for any young man. I suppose it would go pretty hard with a boy that wasn't used to obeying orders. That is one thing a fellow must do. The first thing we must do when we get up is to make up our bunks, sweep out the room, then go down and take a good face bath. Then into mess which comes at about 6:30 A. M., and which everybody likes to see. A fellow sure can eat in the army.

We have been vaccinated twice. They give a fellow "two shots," as they call them, each time and, believe me, they sure did make some of us sick—I, for one. We will get one more then we'll be through until we start "over there" to get old Kaiser Bill.

The camp here is ten miles long and will accommodate 52,000 men; looks like quite a city.

There are four Iron County boys in my squad, besides myself, as follows:

D. S. Payne, M. E. Seal, Henry Wood and Stanley from Bellevue. We sure do have lots of fun. I have never felt one bit homesick.

To-morrow (Sunday) at 11:45 we go to be examined, then we will know if we are fit for army service or not. One thing that is good in the army is a fellow must keep clean and keep his quarters clean. In our Battery we are supposed to shave every day and keep our hair cut short. There is something to attend every night.

But the worst of it is a fellow don't see very many girls up here, and the girls up here are not half as good looking as the girls in Missouri. You may not think this is true, but that's what the men who live here say.

Just received the REGISTER from my sister, Mrs. Blanton, and, believe me, some of the news did sound good.

Hoping to be back in old Iron County before long, I am

Yours Truly,

PRIVATE GUY MCH. MILLER,
Supply Co. 339 F. A., Camp Dodge,
Iowa.

Thorough Work

How Iron County Citizens Can Find Freedom From Kidney Troubles.

If you suffer from backache—From urinary disorders—Any curable disease of the kidneys, Use a tested kidney remedy. Doan's Kidney Pills have been tested by thousands.

Grateful people testify.

Can you ask more convincing proof of merit?

George E. Heatherly, retired farmer, Fredericktown, Mo., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills have been of benefit to me and I don't hesitate to say so. They gave me relief from backache and severe stiffness through my back, and regulated my kidneys. I was given such good results by Doan's Kidney Pills that I shall keep them on hand to use as a preventive."

Price 50c. at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Heatherly had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgs., Buffalo, N. Y.—Adv.

NOTICE.

My ice house will be open at the following hours:

From 5:30 A. M. to 6:30 A. M.; from 11 A. M. to 1 P. M.; from 6:00 P. M. to 7:30 P. M.

On Sundays from 5:30 A. M. to 7:30 A. M., sharp.

F. BUECHSCHURTZ,
Middlebrook, Mo.

For Sale at a Bargain—Team of Horses—double harness and wagon—all in good condition.

LOPEZ BROS. CO.



Senator X. P. Wilfley
© Strauss-Peyton

SENATOR WILFLEY'S BIOGRAPHY REVEALS HEROIC STRUGGLE

[NOTE—This sketch of Senator Wilfley appeared in the Colorado Springs Gazette and 40 other newspapers in various parts of the country and is here presented for the first time in Missouri.]

Xenophon, the Senator's first name, is pronounced as if it were spelled "Zenophon," and he is known to his close friends as "Zen." He was named after his uncle, Xenophon Pindall, who commanded Pindall's Sharpshooters, the advance guard of Gen. Sterling Price's army. His father, James Wilfley, also was a Lieutenant in the Confederate service.]

When Xenophon Pierce Wilfley, Senator of the United States from Missouri, was 5 years old, 25 physicians agreed that he could not possibly live. The boy disagreed with the doctors. He told them, at all times, during a terrible illness which extended over a period of five years, and which left a permanent impression upon him, that he would live and be a successful man.

The boy's unflinching determination, animation and vitality triumphed. He lived, became a successful school teacher and lawyer, and has recently been appointed by the Governor of his state to the most honorable position in the world save that of President of the United States. As Mr. Wilfley is only 47 years old, it is reasonable to assume that the future may hold further honors and successes for him.

Supreme courage, unflinching good temper, insatiable thirst for knowledge, direct statement and tremendous vitality are the distinguishing characteristics of the new Senator from Missouri. He lives in the future. The past means nothing to him other than a possible guide to conduct in coming conditions. The terrible physical suffering which he underwent in his youth, and from which, indeed, he never has been at any time wholly free, has left heavy impress upon his limbs, but no impress whatever upon his face, his mind or his soul. Life has been one long night of physical suffering for Wilfley, but he never thinks of the night. His whole existence lies in the bright day of knowledge and accomplishment. His

muscles are twisted, his sufferings deprived him of two legitimate feet of his natural stature, but his eye is as bright, his face as cheery, intelligent and interested in knowledge as the face of a boy. Indeed, it is hard to find a metaphor to describe the fascinating eagerness of the Wilfley countenance.

WILFLEY WAS BORN ON AUDRAIN COUNTY FARM.

The story of the life of Senator Wilfley is an inspiration to the American boy, especially to the boy who feels that he is handicapped in the struggle of life by locality of birth, illness, loss of education, limbs and suffering.

Wilfley was born on the prairie near Santa Fe, Monroe County, Missouri, which is 18 miles northeast of the goodly city of Mexico, in Audrain County, and 12 miles west of the famous village of Florida, the birthplace of Mark Twain. The Wilfley farm, 320 acres, a full half section, is on Littleby Creek, which flows into Mark Twain's Salt River. It is a good place to be born and to live in.

The prairies of Monroe are the fairest in the world. Mile after mile, as far and as straight as the crow may fly in any direction, the land is black and deep and perfect for the purposes of the farmer and of the stockman. It was settled by men who for 300 years had been accustomed to taking their choice of the fairest lands in the world. That they took it is proof of its perfection. Its settlers had never taken any but choice lands. There were millions of acres of choice lands to be had for the taking in the United States when the Wilfleys and Pindalls and Shelys, Xenophon Wilfley's forebears, settled in Callaway, Boone, Monroe and Randolph counties. The settlers had their choice. They chose the best.

Senator Wilfley's career does not begin with himself. He is not an ancestor. He has ancestors. The Wilfleys are Tennesseans; before that, Virginians; before that, Middlesex English. But the Wilfleys do not go beyond Senator Wilfley's grandfather. They have always been Southern Methodists, planters and stockmen. That is all they know or care to know about themselves.

But if Wilfley is short on pedigree on the sire's side, he is long on pedigree on the mother's side. Mrs. Wilfley, fresh and fair and full of the promise of the future as the average woman is at 20, was a Pindall. The Pindalls came from England in 1641 with Lord Baltimore and settled Maryland. They intermarried with the Shelys, who also came over with the Irish nobleman to seek civil and religious liberty in the new Utopia. The Pindalls and Shelys and Pritchett and Bonds, all cavaliers, early Marylanders and Virginians, intermarried.